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Film

Double-D Disaster

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I was proud. I had gotten to shake the hand that had cupped a thousand breasts.

I always burned to meet Russ Meyer. Being a Hollywood artist and supervixen (48DD on a bad day), I'd always felt a kinship to the badass ladies in Mr. Meyer's films, and knew that my dimensions could only help in my efforts to find him.

My quest began with a tip about the existence of a Russ Meyer film museum. On a whim I began a languid perusal of the Los Angeles metropolitan area phone book. There it was—"Russ Meyer!" Not "Russell," not "R." Right there in black and white. I called up immediately and left a message with his service.

Is it possible to die from excitement? The man responsible for *Faster Pussycat Kill, Kill* actually called me back! I returned home one glorious day to a message on my machine. His voice sounded like the dirtiest old man that ever lived. "This is Russ Meyer," he said, leaving a number, then added casually, "summer manse."

My heart was beating so fast. I was getting a little sweaty. I put on a tight shirt and called him back. I asked about his museum and he said that it was "personal and private." He was pretty rude. He asked where I got his number, and when I told him the phone book, he yelled "that damn John Waters!"

Apparently Waters thinks Meyer should be more accessible to his fans, so he has the phone company list Russ's private line in the book. I was one of the lucky few who first discovered this. I couldn't believe it—I had come so close, only to anger the Auteur of Augmentation.

Our relationship ended and everything seemed hopeless, until I heard about an upcoming Russ Meyer film festival at the Vagabond Theater. The highlight of the evening? Russ himself would select the "Most Meyer-Like Woman" from the audience and give her a prize. I knew in my heart that this was my chance, and better yet, I had him cornered.

When the big night arrived, I dutifully appeared at the Vagabond. I wore a gold, sleeveless skintight turtleneck with a black bra underneath, hot pink velvet hot pants, six-inch platforms and a zodiac choker necklace.

Meyer was the strangest man, droning on in this emotionless monotone about "pneumatic tits" and women who "were so insatiable that I had to hire men to appease them."

Then my moment came. Russ asked if any of the ladies in the audience wanted to be judged by him. Two other gals and I stood up.

One of the women was a 34B, the other maybe a 36B. Russ asked us all "Why do you like my films and why would you like to be in one?" After we all had

